

A 7
View of the Town:

London. — IV. Appendix. — Miscell.]

K I N A N
EPISTLE

TO A

Friend in the Country.

A

SATIRE.

Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine habetur. Virg.



L O N D O N:

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T H E
PREFACE.



As there are some of my Well-wishers who may in all Probability put a bad Construction on some Passages in the following Poem, I must beg the Reader's pardon for troubling him with a short Preface. Every-body must be sensible, that there are a great many flagrant Vices committed by the corrupt Part of the Clergy, and I hope no honest and worthy Man will be offended at my plucking off their external Veil of Sanctity, and shewing them naked to the World; if none of them are guilty of the Crimes menti-

P R E F A C E.

med in the following Pages, no one can be offended; but if they are, they deserve Censure. I would not have any Body mistake my lashing their Vices for ridiculing that sacred Order; for in my Opinion, a Minister that acts up to the glorious Character he professes, deserves our highest Commendation, whose chief Felicity consists in doing good to Mankind, who forfeits all the sinful Pleasures of this Life as an earnest for his future Happiness, and boldly takes up the Cross, resolved to bear it with indefatigable Zeal thro' all Oppositions and Dangers, to forward the Salvation of his Fellow-creatures. What a Tranquility of Mind and Serenity of Thought must such a Man enjoy, whose greatest Pleasure consists in making other People happy! But on the contrary, if there are Men, who only make use of Religion as a Veil, and while they are lifting up their Eyes with the most apparent Ardour to GOD, are serving the Devil in their Hearts, why should their deviating by the vile Practice of their Lives from the Precepts of that Religion they profess, serve them as a Shield for their Iniquity? As there is no particular
Person

P R E F A C E.

Person aimed at, so no one can be justly offended that is not guilty.

Tho' perhaps I may have a great deal of Reason to think personal Injuries a sufficient Excuse for drawing particular Characters, yet as the Affair only relates to my self, I think it proper to let it alone: Tho' there have been some Persons lately (remarkable for their Honesty and Sincerity) who have mustered-up all the narrow Abilities they are Masters of, to provoke me to drag them from Obscurity to Contempt; but as their Characters are too low even for Satire, I shall be contented with only drawing one, which will serve well enough as a Specimen of the whole, and let the rest sleep on undisturb'd in their original Stupidity, leaving them to the Devil and their own Consciences. There are some Persons mentioned in the following Poem, whom I wish it were in my Power to do Justice to; but should I describe the rest of my Acquaintance according to their Merit, I should find above ten Men to save this wicked Town from the Punishment it deserves.

P R E F A C E

Person aimed at, so no one can be justly offended that
it is not guilty.

The person I may have a great deal of reason to

think myself injured a sufficient excuse for drawing

particulars, however, yet as the affair only relates to

myself, I think it proper to let it alone: The more have

been some persons lately (consequently for their Honor)

and (consequently) who have manifested all the narrow de-

liberity that are capable of, to prevent me to draw them

from Offence to Contempt; but as their Characters are

too low even for Satire, I shall be contented with only

drawing one, which will serve well enough as a specimen

of the whole, and let the rest pass unmentioned in their

original Guilt, leaving them to the Devil and their

own Conscience. There are four Persons mentioned in

the following Form, whom I wish to name in my Name to

do Justice to them, should I describe the rest of my de-

termining themselves to this Matter, I should find above

was then in fact the person I intended to mention

in reference to the person

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A
View of the Town:
IN AN
EPISTLE
TO A
Friend in the Country.



O you who love to range the sylvan scene,
To taste the pleasures of a mind serene
These Lines are sent in a familiar strain
To shew what fashionable Vices reign.

Fortune has thee to happier scenes convey'd,
By nature fit for contemplation made,

There

There may'st thou live, exploring of her laws,
 And neither meet with censure or applause:
 But adverse fortune must your merit prove,
 And shew the virtues of the man I love.

10

When no rough storms the ruffled ocean sweep,
 But *Halcyon* calms sit brooding o'er the deep,
 The ship-wreck'd merchant's wealth securely lies,
 None but the bold advent'rous diver's prize;
 But when the surges rage and billows roar,
 The seas discharge their spoils upon the shore.

15

As when fell *Thomson* was to justice brought,
 To suffer vengeance for each flagrant fault,
 The silent court suspended stood, nor knew
 Which of his crimes was of the blackest hue.
 So here such various follies rush to fight,
 Dark deeds that seek the covert of the night,
 Astonish'd at the bold degenerate age,
 I doubt what vices first deserve my rage.

20

Where

Where kings with pomp their dignity maintain, 25
 There satire seldom fails to miss its aim;
 Tho' heretofore a favourite did import
 At least one single excellence at court,
 But now the Magick of its circle draws
 Such worthless slaves as tremble at the laws, 30
 And fear on earth their persecuting rod,
 More than the wrath of an offended God.
 Pimps, b——ps, pathicks, parasites attend,
 Each vice still finds some patron for a friend:
 While injur'd merit like a suppliant waits, 35
 Strictly forbid admittance at the gates.

Since prelates claim preheminance of place,
 First let me brand those zealots with disgrace.
 Priests that are arm'd with virtue need not fear,
 Whose actions can the test of conscience bear : 40
 Secure in native innocence they sit,
 Unwounded by the satires that are writ.

Tho' laws severe to punish guilt are made,
 What honest man is of those laws afraid!
 All fellows against judges will exclaim, 45
 As harlots startle at a *Gonson's* name.

In former times, e're virtue was a fault,
 And when preferment was by merit sought,
 Men that profess'd religion were esteem'd
 As messengers of God, and sacred deem'd; 50
 The laymen then their function did revere,
 And thro' life's voyage by their counsels steer,
 At length dissolv'd in luxury and ease,
 Proud to command, and negligent to please,
 Prescrib'd their consciences such rigid rules, 55
 Which, if observ'd, had made them passive fools,
 Chalk'd out the path that leads to perfect bliss,
 Which none, whose gifts were large, cou'd ever miss:
 But all whose gen'rous souls di sdain'd the yoke
 Of haughty priests, and thro' their bondage broke, 60

Beneath

Beneath their charitable anger fell,
 Damn'd by *anathema's* to deepest hell.
 Thus did their wily arts the world deceive.
 And none could go to heaven without their leave.

But modern spintexts daily grow refin'd, 65
 And with each modish vice adorn the mind:
 Religion they profess, I grant it true,
 But most have worldly lucre more in view:
 Divinity is now become a trade,
 They only serve their God in masquerade: 70
 Hypocrisy, that bastard of their zeal,
 Serves as a veil, base actions to conceal;
 Assisted by this pious artifice,
 They sin, nor are their characters the price.

Now pamper'd prelates leave the toil of pray'r 75
 To those who think salvation worth their care.
 Far other views their different thoughts engage,
 Afraid to lash the vices of the age.

Preferment is the aim of abject souls,
 Who forfeit honesty to flatter fools. 80
 How can such men, by holy orders bound
 To tread on none but consecrated ground,
 In sable troops to splendid courts advance,
 To quaff rich wines, or throng the midnight dance;
 Or else attend the levees of the great, 85
 Scorn'd ev'n by courtiers, and the pimps of state;
 And if their patron is a Deist thought,
 Abjure the miracles our Saviour wrought.
 When such are preachers of the Gospel made,
 How can religion fail to droop her head? 90
 Tho' priests in pulpits thunder out aloud
 Damnation, to the unbelieving croud,
 Describe the pleasures which from virtue flow,
 And teach that vice will terminate in woe;
 How can the libertine reform his life, 95
 Or cease to languish for another's wife,

If, all the week besides, these zealous fools
 Deny the practice of their *Sunday's* rules?
 But cease, my Muse, nor thus thy page defile,
 To scourge the lowest vermin of our Isle! 100

Satire, like a true mirrour to the fair,
 Shews not what we affect, but what we are;
 Plucks from the splendid courtier all disguise,
 And sets the real man before our eyes;
 If base designs are lurking in his heart, 105
 To point them out is sure an honest part.
 None paint, but such whom nature has deny'd
 The Charms of beauty, womens darling Pride:
 So flattery casts a lustre upon those 110
 Whose deeds are dark, and a false fame bestows.

Let all, whose groveling Souls can condescend
 To smile upon a foe, or curse a friend,
 Frequent the court, there they may chance to find
 Fops that they never saw, extremely kind;
 To

To raise them to high places proffer aid,
 Till the fond, idiots think their fortunes made;
 Then shew what soothing speech the great beguiles,
 And thus instruct them in the courtiers wiles.

Religion, virtue, conscience, and such things,
 Are not fit converse for the courts of kings.
 Would you succeed, such topicks will not find
 The least attention from your patron's mind:
 The clergy long have banish'd them our Isle;
 Then learn to talk in a more pleasing stile.

Consider first the temper of his Grace, 125
 What darling vices celebrate his race!
 If a young nobleman of sprightly fire,
 Determin'd to indulge each loose desire,
 On fornication panegyricks make,
 And swear his Lordship's the most finish'd rake
 That ever revel'd in the arms of Cox,
 Or went to *Missauban* to get a pox.

Let

Let the foul rape of *Lucrece* be your theme;
 In raptures, when you talk of *Tarquin*, seem :
 Let him the founder of hot lust be stil'd, 135
 By whom the chafteft matron was defil'd :
 Or else the wisdom of the *Romans* praise,
 And let the *Sabines* rape adorn your lays :
 Such wanton tales as these with fire record,
 Fit subjects to delight a courtly lord. 140

But those whose mercenary souls adore
 The bright refulgence of the shining ore;
 Who think all happiness consists in wealth,
 And seek it before honour, virtue, health;
 Such vulgar souls require another tale, 145
 And you must seem as fardid to prevail :
 For 'tis a frailty common to us all,
 To prize in others, what our minds enthrall.
 As many vassals as these arts have won,
 So many helpless wretches are undone. 150

Observe

Observe the characters of men, how few
The path, which nature points them out, pursue!

Macrinus cast in a soft tender mould,
With *Bacchanalians* longs to be enroll'd,
With midnight revellers affects to join, 155
And fain would abdicate the god of wine.

Robustus takes a contrary extreme,
A heavy, lumpish mass, made up of phlegm,
Duller than mortals of *Promethean* clay,
E're yet enlighten'd with celestial ray;
Genteel as birth-day beaux, he strives to move,
And thinks himself the quintessence of love:
The fondest with his tender heart can frame,
To be familiar with a City Dame;
Or else with some coquet, that's past her prime,
Or *Betty Careless*, languish out his time:
From pilfer'd novels *Messalina* court,
The fair's aversion, and the wise man's sport:

But

But if unluckily his Stars ordain
 The wanton Nymph indulgent to his Flame, 170
 The Fop starts back, nor wou'd his Strength employ,
 Tho' fairer than bright *Helena* of *Troy*.
 Such coxcombs love a theory intrigue,
 But think the practice is too much fatigue.

As spangled glow-worms glitter in the night,
 But vanish at the first approach of light, 176
 So gaudy fops are at a distance priz'd,
 But soon as known, their emptiness despis'd ;
 Like insects basking in a summer's day,
 Flourish a while, then unobserv'd decay. 180

Blanditius, endow'd with common sense,
 Alike to all his favours does dispense ;
 The wise, the fool, the witting, and the knave,
 The same pretensions to his praises have.
 So the bright source of radiant light displays
 On all mankind his universal rays. 185

If *Poultney*, striving for his country's good,
 Of foul corruption stems the rapid flood,
 Instructs the senate with persuasive tongue
 How to redress an injur'd nation's wrong ; 190
 Or some *Sejanus* blasts his good designs,
 And perpetrates the guilty statesman's crimes :
 Ask good *Blandinius* which deserves our blame,
 Who bears a patriot's, or a *W*——'s name ?
 He'll answer you that both are worthy men, 195
 And neither of their characters condemn.
 So *Stoicks* think all vices are the same,
 And that they only differ in the name.

Plague me, ye gods, with all your ills in store,
 And leave me worse than an abandon'd whore, 200
 Let ev'ry fool, and knave, and parasite,
 Detest me, loath me, curse me, while I write,
 Sooner than, like *Blandinius*, to praise
 Such fops, as merit birch instead of bays.

My

My soul abhors to sooth exalted pride; 205
 To give those parts, whom nature has deny'd;
 To cringe before a minister of state,
 Pawn honour, conscience, virtue, to be great;
 Such terms as these each honest man disdains,
 Tho' *W——*'s riches shou'd reward his pains. 210

There are ill-natur'd criticks, on my life,
 Who love like friends to raise domestick strife,
 To make the follies of unguarded youth
 Feel the dire anguish of the serpent's tooth,
 Had not a tender parent's kind regard 215
 Baffled their malice, and beat down their guard;
 But let such groveling reptiles crawl on earth,
 Or sink to hell, which gave their actions birth:
 If *Bingham*, *Byssé*, or *Rathurst* shou'd applaud,
 The bounteous *Withers*, and the friendly rod, 220
 Tho' some may hate, I triumph in the quarrels
 With *George's*, **Heaton's*, *Hudd'sford's* and *Ducarel's*.

That

* Remarkable for nothing but being a Pimp at *Eton*.

That source of evil, from whose poison'd streams
 Flows the dire mischief, which your friend o'er-
 whelms, 225

Shall feel the wrath of an offended muse,
 Who can, if injur'd, let her satire loose.

Sinon, that proverb for a villain's name,

A fordid, sneaking wretch, unknown to fame,
 Whose character wou'd poetry debase, 230

And bring the heaven-born muse to vile disgrace ;

Else wou'd I set him in a stronger light,

Did not his actions best become the night ;

Friend to the worst of men, I mean himself,

Who wou'd renounce his God for fordid pelf ;

Who is, yet dares not to appear your foe ; 236

But smiling strikes, and wou'd excuse the blow.

So wily *Satan* seem'd the friend of *Eve*,

(And by such means e'en woman cou'd deceive)

Till having compass'd what his arts design'd,

Then triumph'd in the ruin of mankind. 241

I love the man that boldly speaks his thought,
 Nor gilds with flattery each flagrant fault ;
 Who dares chastise the vices of a court,
 Tho' arbitrary laws their pow'r support ; 245
 Like * *Talbot* generous, whose actions grace
 The high descent of his illustrious race:
 Fond to oblige, unwilling to offend,
 To honour, virtue, and mankind, a friend.

Tho' Satire flows from my envenom'd pen, 250
 To brand with infamy the worst of men,
 Where worth like † *Clark's* appears, I love to praise ;
 Such merit consecrates the poet's lays:
 Tho' bounteous, prudent ; splendid, yet not proud ;
 By worth, not wealth, distinguish'd from the croud ; 255
 No friends distress'd in vain reveal their wants ;
 Before they ask, so readily he grants ;
 By whom desire of wealth is understood
 But as a larger pow'r of doing good.

Such

* The honourable Mr. *George Talbot*, of *Exeter College, Oxford*.

† Mr. *Godfrey Clark* of *Darbyshire*.

Such noble qualities exalt mankind, 260

Which envy must confess in *Bathurst* † join'd.

Magnus, like a sweeping pestilence,
Will blast alike, the fool and man of sense;
The rich, the fair, the virtuous, and the young,
Feel the rough censures of his envious tongue : 265
His mind exactly with old *Timon*'s suits,
Both fit for the society of brutes.

Ludius, born to plentiful estate,
Might be array'd in gold, and serv'd in plate;
Did not his avarice incline to game, 270
The sharper's profit, and the rich man's bane;
But now expos'd to be the scorn of those
Who seem'd his friends, but prove his real foes;
Leaves nothing to his family, ----- or worse,
Some foul disease, the wretched offspring's curse. 275

Mechator

† Second Son to Lord *Bathurst*.

Marchator weary of a single Life,
 Casts off his Mistresses, and takes a Wife;
 But soon enjoyment palls his fickle taste,
 Miscalling pleasure duty, loaths the feast;
 Restless and discontent he flies from home, 280
 And lies with all mens comforts——but his own:
 While his abandon'd spouse in vain relies
 On the bright lustre of her sparkling eyes.
 Now if this fair one, charitably given,
 Secures her loving spouse a place in heaven, 285
 The coxcomb shou'd exult at sprouting horn,
 And thank his stars he was a cuckold born.

Perhaps a despicable race of men
 Expect the female sex should feel my pen;
 The charms of beauty all their faults excuse, 290
 And claim protection from a youthful muse.

But there is one by nature form'd to please,
 Born to excell, and captivate with ease;

Some

Some bright auspicious planet rul'd her birth;
 Gay without guilt, and innocent with mirth; 295
 Too lavish nature, bounteous of her store,
 Bestow'd such charms as make the world adore:
 But yet this fair one, whom mankind admire,
 Sighs for a coxcomb with unfeign'd desire,
 Commends his person, doats upon his name, 300
 And parleys on the very brink of fame.
 Angels may fall: but shou'd her virtue fail,
 I shall believe that all the sex are frail.

O *Pope*, thou scourge to a licentious age,
 Inspire these lines with thy severest rage; 305
 Arm me with satire keen as *Oldham* wrote
 Against the curst *Divan*, with poignant thought;
 To lash a crime which filthy lechers use,
 Sworn foes to mother *Haywood's* and the stewes;
 Inverting nature to a foul design, 310
 They stop the propagation of their kind.

Forlorn

Forlorn *Saphira* with reclining head
 Sighs for her absent lord in bridal bed ;
 He to *St. James's-Park* with rapture flies,
 And roams in search of some vile ingle prize ; 315
 Courts the foul pathick in the fair one's place,
 And with unnat'ral lust defiles his race.

From whence cou'd such polluted wretches spring,
 How learn to propagate so foul a sin !
 The sons of *Sodom* were destroy'd by fire, 320
Gomorrab felt the Lord's destructive ire,
 The great metropolis of *England's* isle
 Had like to've been the nation's funeral pile :
 Bold race of men ! whom nothing can affright,
 Not e'en their consciences in dead of night. 325
 Let *Jesuits* some subtler pains invent,
 For hanging is too mild a punishment :
 Let them ly groaning on the racking-wheel,
 Or feel the tortures of the burning steel ;

Whips, poisons, daggers, inquisitions, flames, 330

This crime the most exalted vengeance claims;

Or else be banish'd to some desert place,

And perish in each other's foul embrace.

'Tis strange this sin shou'd flourish in our isle,

Where *Cyprian Venus* and the *Graces* smile, 335

Where tender virgins in the bloom of youth

Are fam'd for virtue, innocence, and truth,

With all the charms that nature can provide

For the gay mistress, or the lovely bride:

Can yet, this savage race obdurate prove, 340

And beauty have no pow'r their hearts to move

To the warm transports of a female love!

By such foul slaves our species is disgrac'd,

And may they all be damn'd for want of taste.

F I N I S.